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Noodwick™



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Nodwick

by Aaron Williams



WE HAVE TO
GO ALL THE WAY
UP THERE?

THAT'S WHERE
THE WEAPONS TO DEFEAT
BAPHUMAYAL ARE

I SUPPOSE THAT'S
THE SAFEST PLACE FOR THEM
ANYONE COULD THINK OF.

NOT REALLY.
IF THAT NAUGHTY ICK-
FACE BAPHUMAYAL IS COMING
TO GET THEM, HE'S PROBABLY
FIGURED OUT HOW TO
BREAK IN.



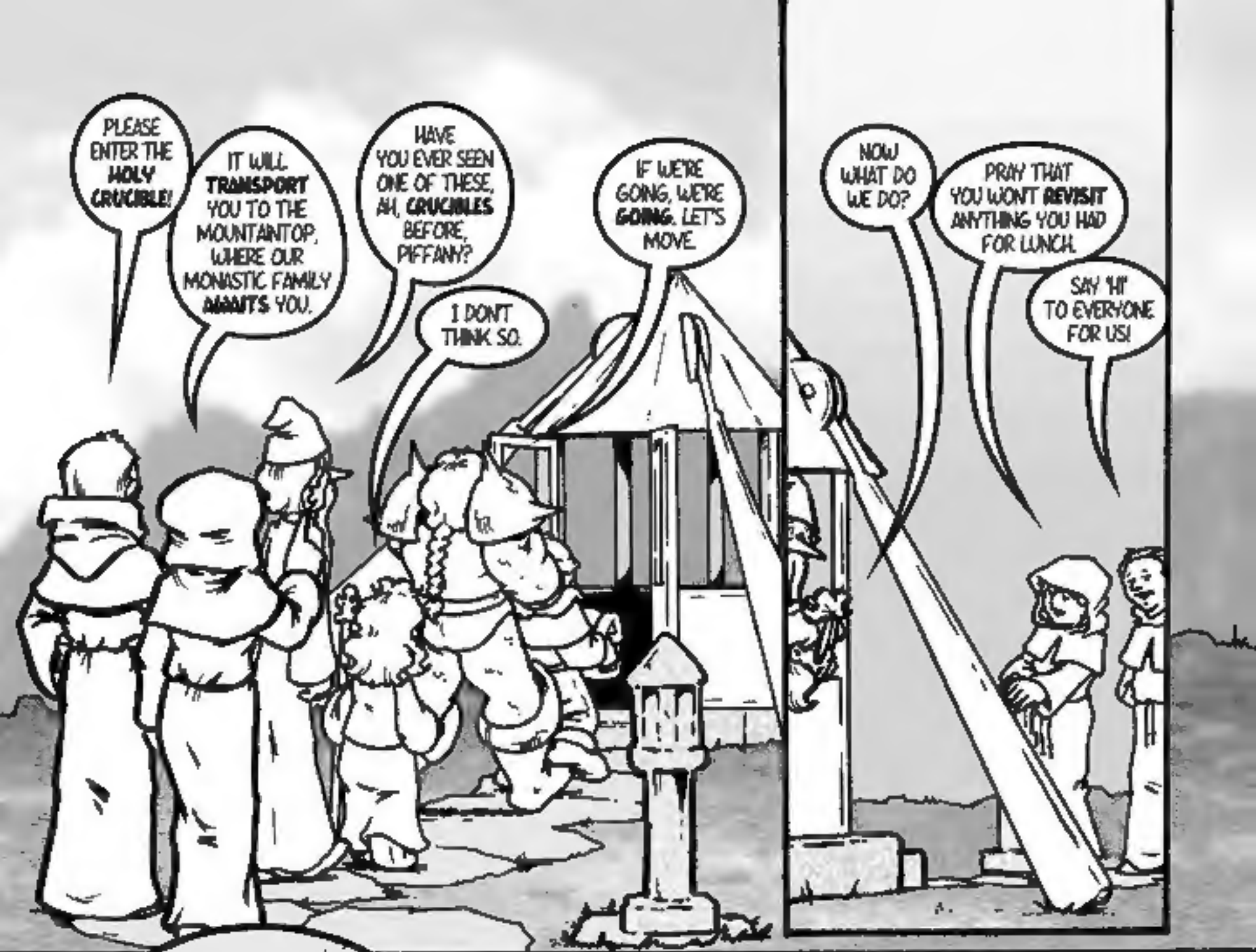
SO HOW DO
WE GET THE GOODS BEFORE
HE DOES?

THE CLERGY
IN BLACK WERENT
THAT SPECIFIC.

WHAT IF
WE ASK THOSE GUYS
OVER THERE?

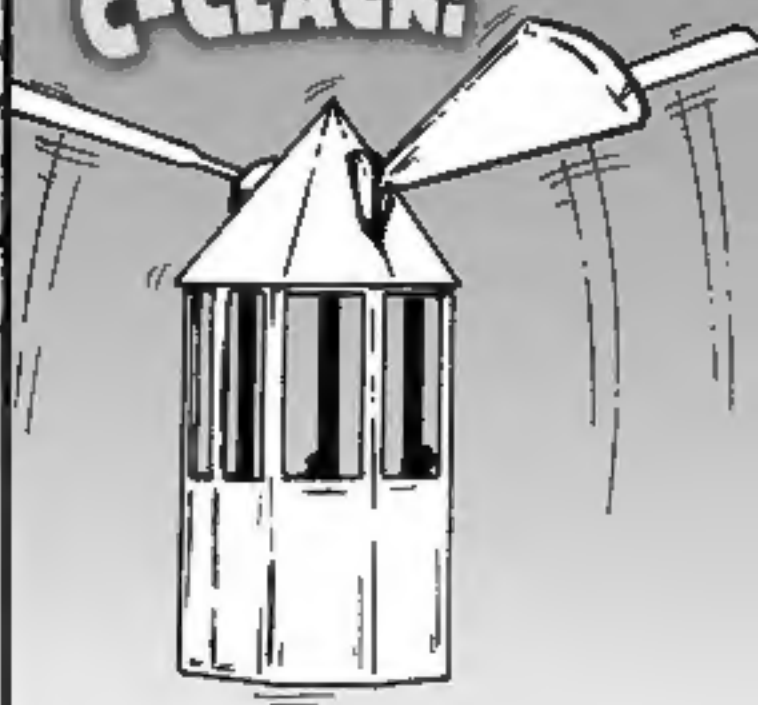
NODWICK #26 by Aaron Williams, October 2004. Distributed by Dork Storm Press, published by Henchman Publishing, 5545 Holmes St, Kansas City, MO 64110. Fax: (608)255-1342. E-mail: aaron@nodwick.com. Story and art ©2004 Aaron Williams. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication save for brief review excerpts may be reproduced without the express consent of the copyright holder. This is a work of fiction; any similarities to any actual persons or benchmen save for the purpose of satire is purely coincidental. ADVERTISING: sales@DorkStorm.com. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$26 per year. Please contact adventureetail2@qwest.net, or call (651)488-2433 details. All letters to NODWICK assumed intended for publication unless otherwise stated, and become the property of the copyright holder. A mountain climber always wants to take one more peak. FIRST PRINTING, October 2004. PRINTED IN CANADA







C-CLACK!





WAAAA, HOLD ON THERE!
THE LAST TIME I JOINED ANY
KIND OF RELIGIOUS OUTFIT, IT WAS
RIGHT AFTER A WEEKEND WHEN I HAD
MY FIRST MAJOR BENDER. IT WAS
FOLLOWED BY EVENTS THAT I VAGUELY
RECALL INVOLVING A SHERIFF, A COW,
TWO TAVERN WENCHES, AND A
CHANDLER.

I'M NOT ABOVE
DESTROYING ANOTHER MONASTERY TO
GET OUT OF IT AGAIN.

WHAT HE
MEANS IS, WE'RE
HERE TO GET THE
WEAPONS AWAY FROM
BAPHUMMAL'S FORCES,
NOT TO JOIN UP
WITH YOUR NOBLE
ORDER.

OH, WELL, I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE STUCK HERE WHETHER YOU
LIKE IT OR NOT. YOU SEE, THERE'S NO WAY
DOWN. AT LEAST, NOT SAFELY... AND NOBODY AT
THE GROUND LEVEL HAS EVER REPORTED ANY
SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO LEAVE OUR
CLOISTERED HOME.

SO YOU
GUYS HAVE
BEEN HERE
YOUR WHOLE
LIVES?

A FEW, BUT
MANY OF US VOLUNTEERED
TO BE HERE. WE DEVOTE
OURSELVES TO GUARDING THE
ARTIFACTS THAT COULD SAVE
THE WORLD. NONE THAT I
KNOW OF EVEN
WANT TO LEAVE,
NOT THAT WE
COULD.

THIS
PLACE CERTAINLY
SEEMS SAFE. I
DON'T SEE HOW
BAPHUMMAL
COULD TAKE THE
WEAPONS EVEN
IF HE WANTED
TO.

HOW ARE THE
FORCES OF GOOD SUPPOSED
TO GET THEM WHEN THEY
NEED THEM?

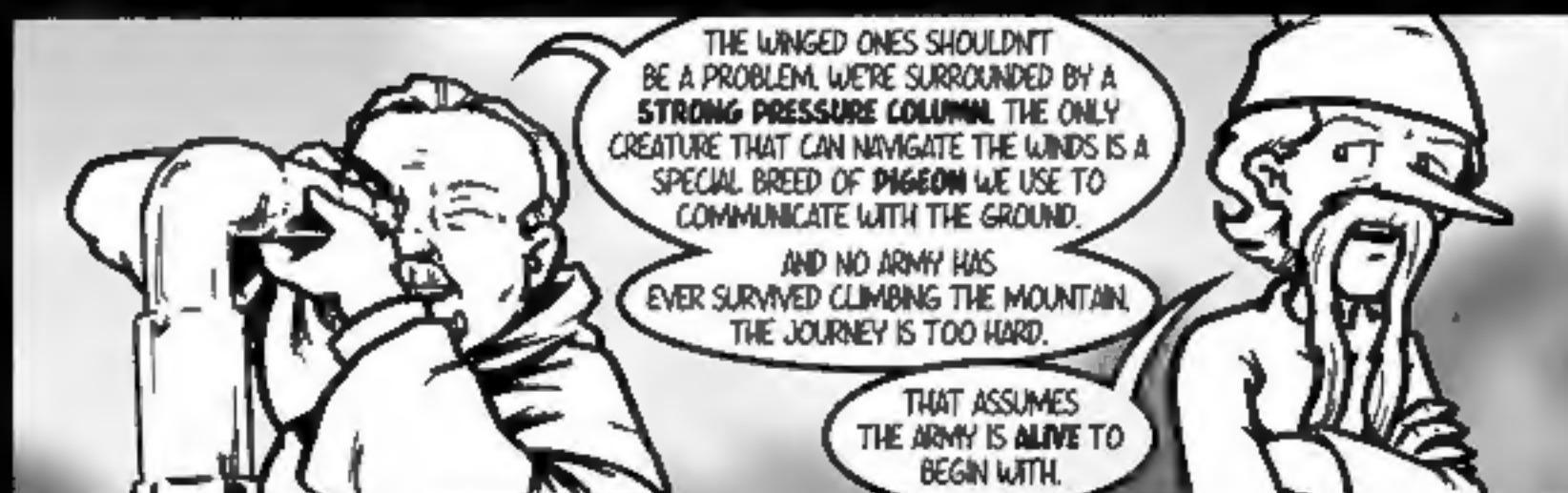
GOOD POINT.

I WANT TO GO
BACK TO THAT "NO WAY
DOWN" THING. SEE, I LEFT ALL OF
MY STUFF AT HOME, AND, WELL,
ALE JUST WON'T DRINK ITSELF,
YOU KNOW.

BAPHUMMAL
IS COMING HERE, THOUGH,
RIGHT?

THAT'S WHAT
I WAS TOLD. OR MAYBE
SOME OF HIS NOT-NICE
FRIENDS.

WHAT DO
THEY LOOK
LIKE?





SO
ANYWAY...

UNDEAD
DON'T GENERALLY
FELL ILL EFFECTS FROM THE
ELEMENTS, SO THE ALTITUDE
WON'T AFFECT THEM,
NOR...

OH, NO...

THAT MULTI-
LIMBED
MONSTROSITY DOWN
THERE IS SCALING THE
MOUNTAIN FASTER
THAN I THOUGHT
POSSIBLE!

IT'S GOT A
HUGE BOX FULL OF ARMED
SOMETHINGS ON ITS
BACK!

IT'LL BE HERE IN
UNDER AN HOUR!



AT LEAST
WE DON'T HAVE
TO WORRY
ABOUT THE
FLYING
ONES.

UNLESS
THEY HAVE
SOMETHING ELSE
PLANNED FOR
THEM.

LIKE WHAT?



CHUNK!



BROTHER
MELLIFLUOUS! THE
FLYING CREATURES
ARE LODGING THESE
ROPES ALL AROUND
THE MOUNTAIN
TOP!

THANK YOU,
FELICITOUS. GET EVERYONE
BEHIND THE WALLS!

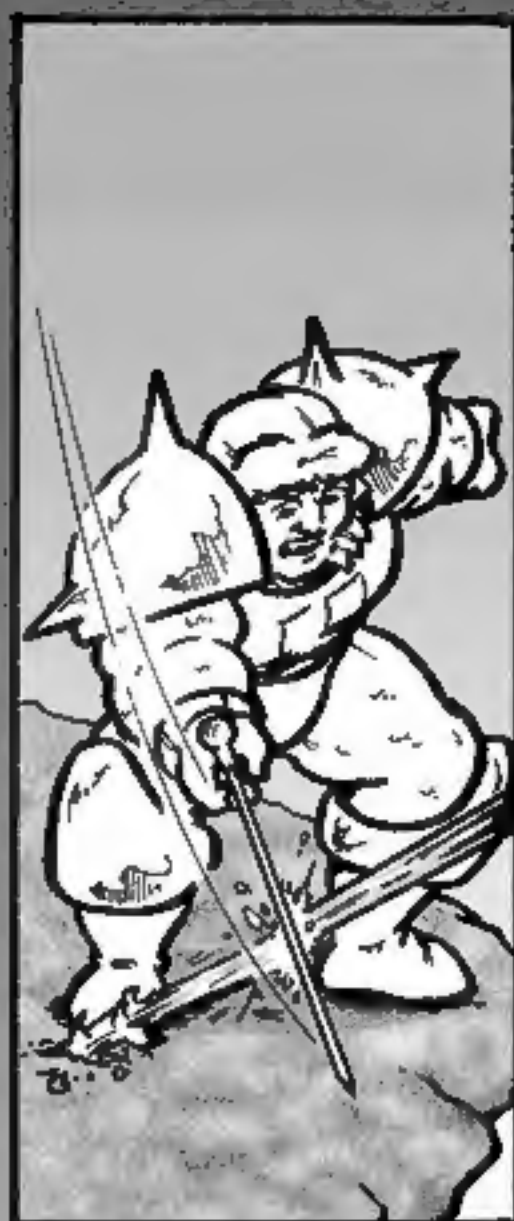
WHY NOT JUST
CUT THE ROPES?



WELL, TO BE HONEST, WE
FOUND THAT THE FEEDER BLADES WE
HAVE AROUND THIS PLACE, THE BETTER.
NERVES CAN GET A LITTLE FRAYED
AT TIMES, SO...

AT LEAST TAKE
A WHACK AT THIS ONE,
YEAGAR.

ALREADY ON IT.



THAT'S NOT
ROPE.

AND IT'S
MELTING BACK
TOGETHER!

STAND BACK.

I'M WAITING TO
BE IMPRESSED.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
USUALLY MY
LIGHTNING BOLT
SPELLS MAKE
LIGHTNING.

AH, THAT
WOULD BE THE
DAMPENING FIELD
WE HAVE AROUND THIS
PLACE. IT KEEPS US FROM
BEING NOTICED. IT ALSO
KEEPS MAGIC FROM
WORKING, INCLUDING
MOST DIVINE
ABILITIES.

WE SHOULD
PROBABLY GET
TO THE
MONASTERY.

NOTICED?
HOW?

WE HAVE ONE
OF THE MOST POWERFUL
CACHES OF MYSTICAL AND HOLY
WEAPONS ON THE PLANET HERE. IF WE DIDN'T
DO SOMETHING TO KEEP THEIR AURAS TONED
DOWN, WE'D BE AS VISIBLE AS A MAGICAL
LIGHTHOUSE. PLUS, IF THEIR POWER WASN'T
SUBDUED, SOME OF THE WEAPONS
MIGHT NOT "PLAY NICE" WITH
EACH OTHER.

SO WE'RE
SITTING ON A POTENTIAL MAGIC
BOMB? GREAT...

MINUTES LATER, HOUR HEROES LOOK ON FROM THE RAMPARTS...

HERE THEY COME.

HOW?

IT COULD BE WORSE.

THERE COULD BE MORE OF THEM.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE ANY KIND OF DEFENSES AGAINST THIS KIND OF THING?

WE HAVE A CATAPULT.

A CATAPULT?

YES. THE LATE BROTHER DECIDUOUS BUILT IT IN AN ATTEMPT TO REACH THE GROUND.

DID HE?

WE'RE NOT SURE. HE CREATED SOMETHING HE CALLED A "PARACHUTE" TO HELP SLOW HIS FALL, BUT IT SEEMED MORE TO HELPING HIM ASCEND TO GREATER HEIGHTS.

THIS DOESN'T LOOK MUNKY-BORY FOR THE HOME TEAM, PEOPLE.

PERHAPS IT'S A REALLY GOOD CATAPULT.

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK THINGS JUST GOT A LITTLE MORE DIRE.



OH, HIM.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S STILL GOT HIS MAGIC GLOVE.

MAYBE IT WON'T WORK AS WELL UP HERE.

THAT WOULD BE—



OH, YEAH IF HE WAS AT FULL POWER, NODWICK WOULD'VE BEEN POWDERED. HE'S BARELY IMAGINED.

THAT WAS JUST A WARNING SHOT. I'LL BET WE'RE GETTING AN ULTIMATUM, NEXT.



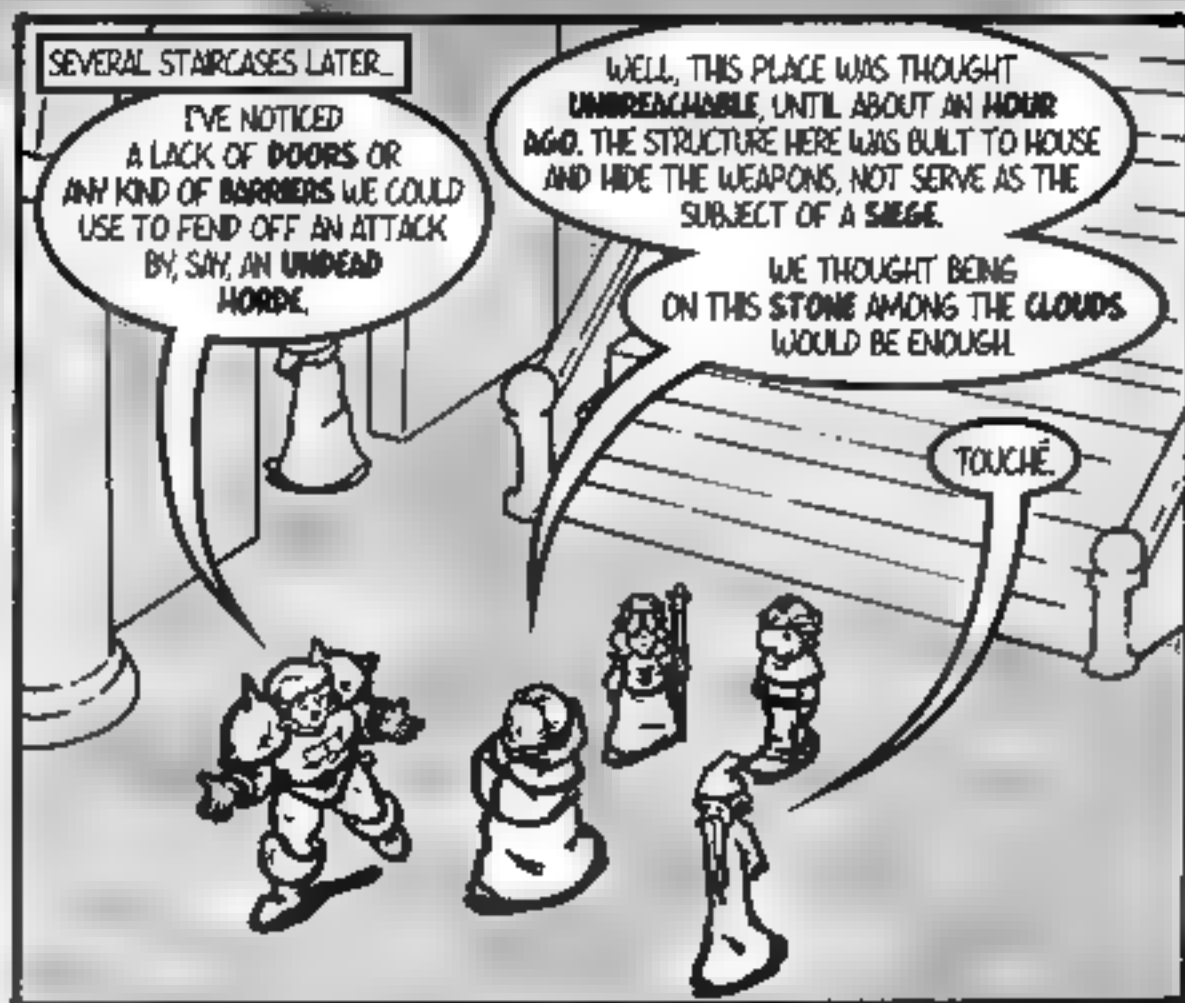
MORTALSSSS! MY LORRRD AND MASSSTER BAPHOMIA'D DEMMANDS THE WEAPONSSSS. ONE HOURRRR, YOU GIVVE, OR WE DESSTROY YOU.

GUY'S GOT A GIFT FOR SPEECHMAKING.

WE'VE GOT TO GET THE WEAPONS AWAY FROM HERE!

I TOLD YOU: THERE'S NO SAFE AWAY OFF THE MOUNTAIN.

WHERE ARE THEY, ANYWAY?









SLATS OF
WOOD? HOW DOES
THAT--?

INCOMING!

RA-DOOM!



I THINK
OUR HOUR
IS UP!

THERE ARE
WIZARD-GUYS
RIDING THOSE DRAGON-
THINGS!

THEY MUST
BE TETHERED JUST
OUTSIDE OF THE
DAMPENING
FIELD!

AND THEIR
SPELLS ARE
POWERFUL ENOUGH
TO STILL PACK SOME
PUNCH WHEN
THEY LAND.

EVERYONE
TO THE GREAT
TOWER!





THIS MEANS
OF ESCAPE YOU HAVE
HAS ANYONE EVER
TRIED IT?

NO, BUT ALL
THE MATH ALL WORKS
OUT ELEGANTLY!



THAT'S WHAT YOU
SAID WHEN YOU WERE TRYING TO
MAKE A CARBONATED POTION OF
INVISIBILITY, WASN'T IT?

YEAH, YEAH,
WE ALL RECOVERED
WITH NO SCARRING,
SO SHUT UP.



THREE
SPELLZZZ HAVVE
SOFTENED THEM
UP.

NOW WE
CRUSSHHH
THEM!



I HEAR THEM
COMING.

AND HERE
WE ARE WITH ONLY
HALF OF THE
WEAPONS.

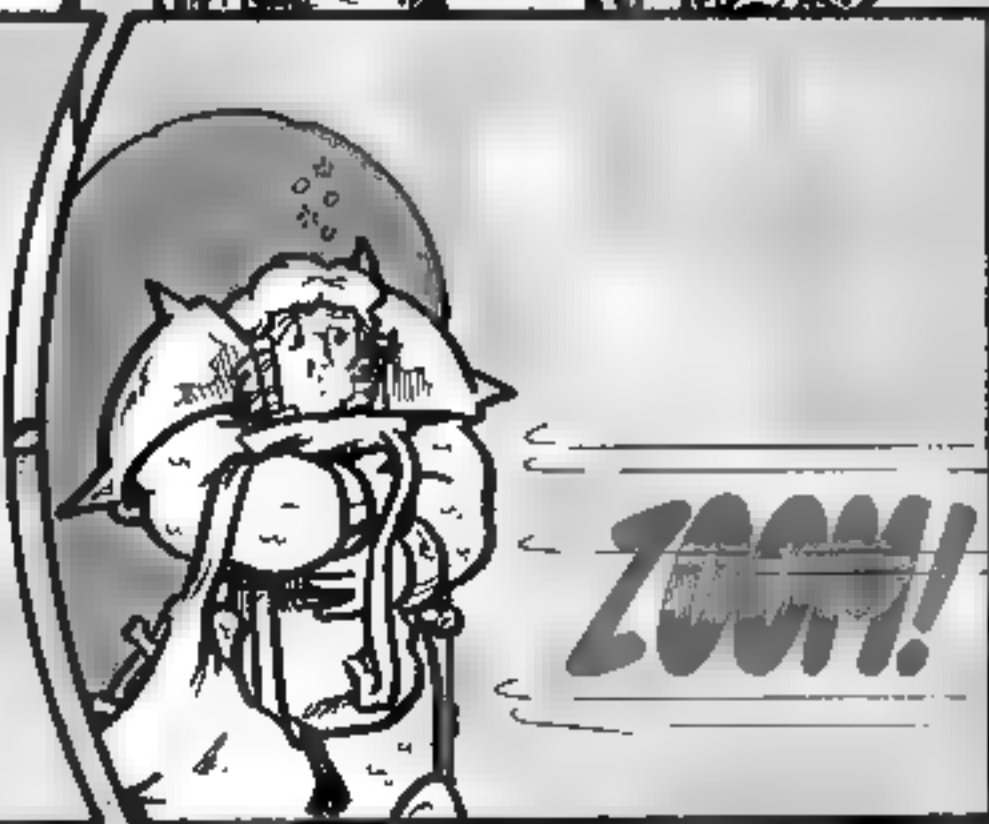
YOU DON'T
THINK THEY'LL BE
MAD ABOUT THAT, DO
YOU? I MEAN, WE HAVE
SOME OF WHAT THEY
WANT, WHICH IS BETTER
THAN NOTHING,
RIGHT?

MAYBE.





HEY, I THINK I FOUND TH' DIS. DUST. THE ANNE-MAKIN' SCHUFF. IZZNT BAD, BU YOU GOTTA DRIN A LOTTA IT F'RIT TO HAVE ANY 'FEET. AH DONT FEEL NUTHIN' AN I HAD ABOUT TWELVE BOTTLEZUVIT.



HEY, YOU DINT
DNT FRTHAT! IT'S GON
ON YER TAIL!

ABOUT A MINUTE LATER...

WHY AM
I THE FIRST
ONE TO TRY
THIS?

THANK
YOU FOR BEING
SO BRAVE,
NODWICK!

THE PRINCIPLE IS SIMPLE:
WE SHOOT YOU OVER THE EDGE OF
THE CLIFF. THE TOWLINE SNAPS YOU BACK, AND
YOU'LL LAND AGAINST THE MOUNTAIN SIDE WITH
THESE WOODEN SLATS ON YOUR FEET. THE
HOOK IS DESIGNED TO DETACH
WHEN YOU HIT.

NOW, THE MOUNTAIN IS
MOSTLY SMOOTH ALMOST THE ENTIRE
WAY DOWN, SO YOU SHOULD BE FINE. WE'LL
BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

YEAGAR!
WHERE HAVE YOU
BEEN?

THERE! NOW
Y' GOT MATCHIN'
LUGGAGE!

FWING!

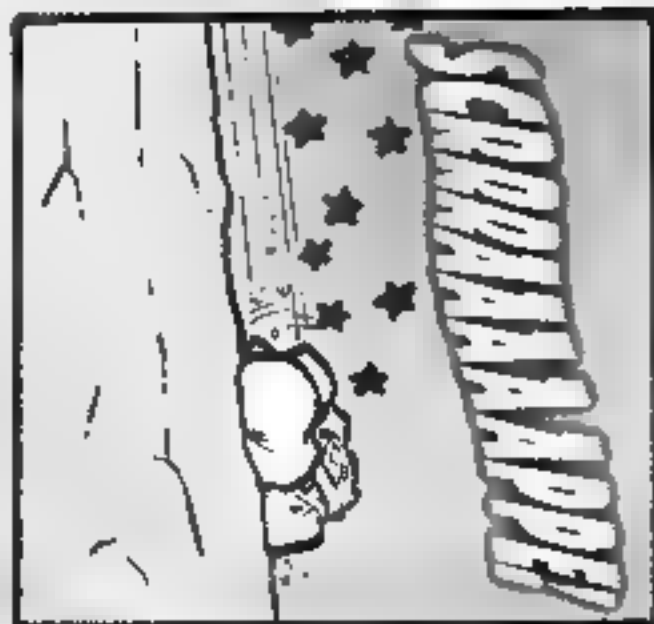
YEAGAR! YOU DIDNT
JUST HAND HIM THE OTHER BAG
OF WEAPONS, DID YOU?

NAH, I GIV 'IM
MUH EMPRIES. RETURN FR
DEPOSITSZ, YKNOW.

WHIL TH
WEAPNS LOOKN A LOT LIKE
BOTTLES.

UH-OH.

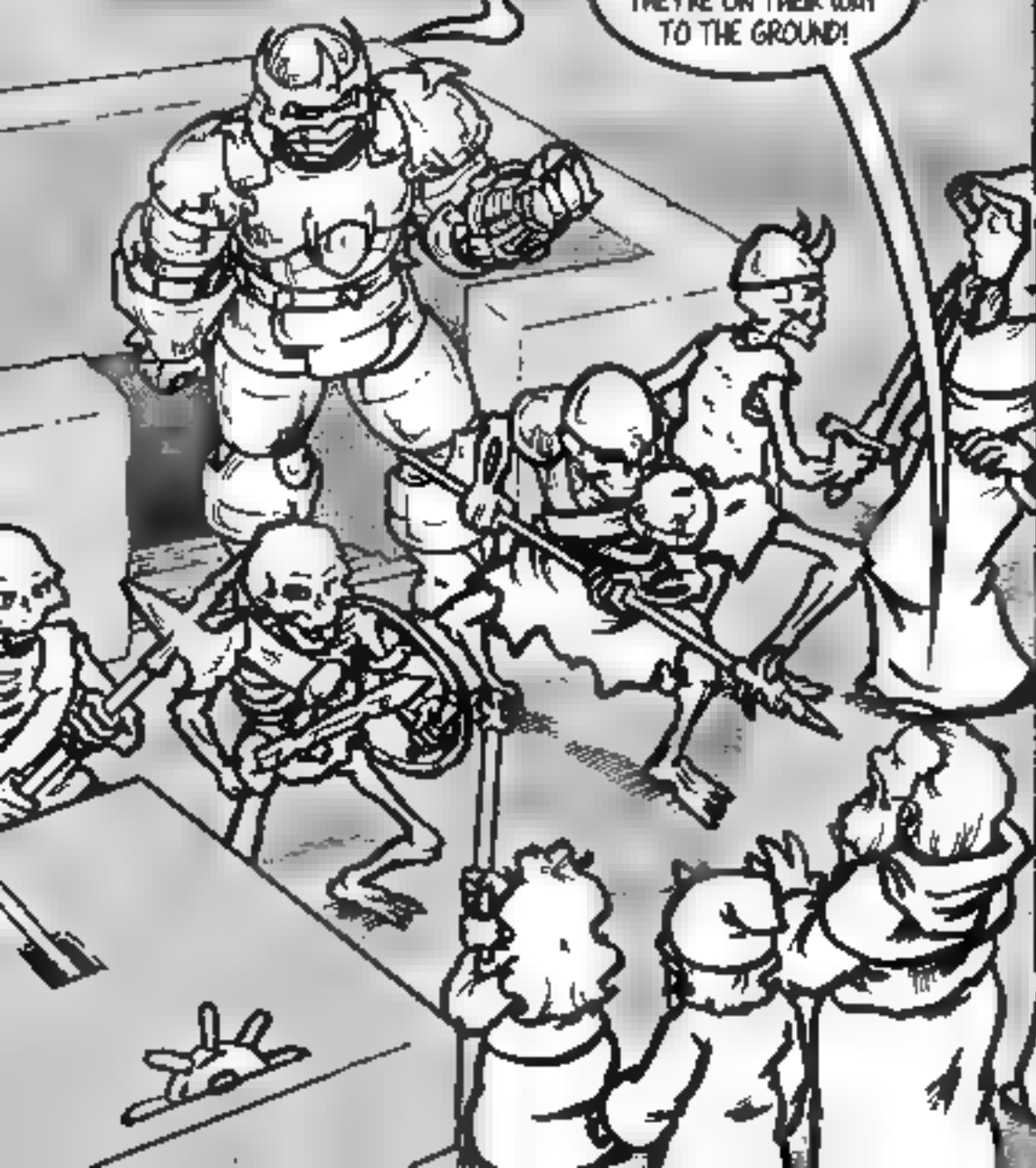
OUR HAPLESS HENCHMAN FLIES THROUGH HOSTILE SKIES...



MEANWHILE, UNDEAD SOLDIERS HAVE TAKEN THE GREAT TOWER...

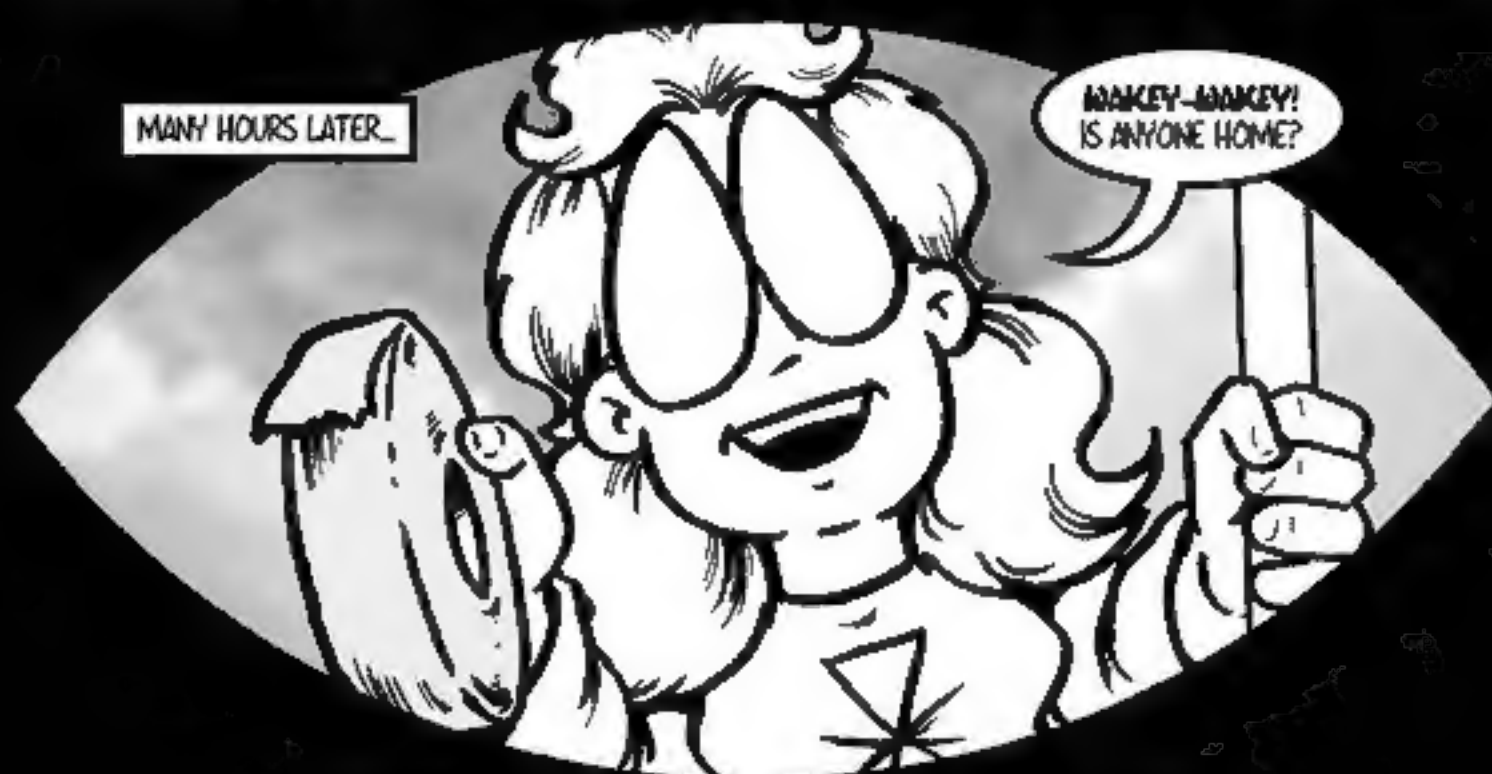
SSURRENDER THE
WEAPONZZZ...

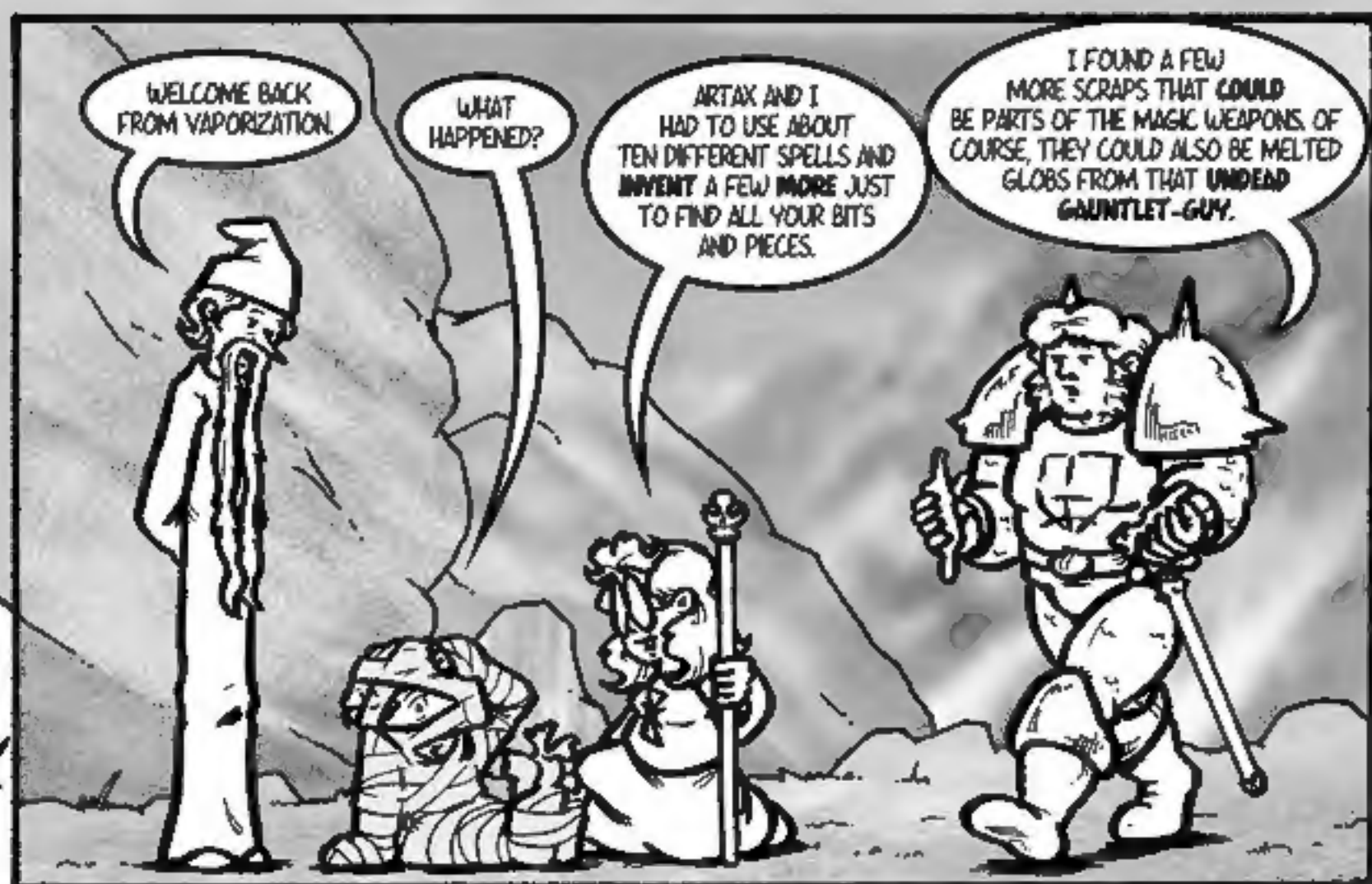
YOU'RE TOO
LATE! AS WE SPEAK,
THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY
TO THE GROUND!















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